

The Mirror

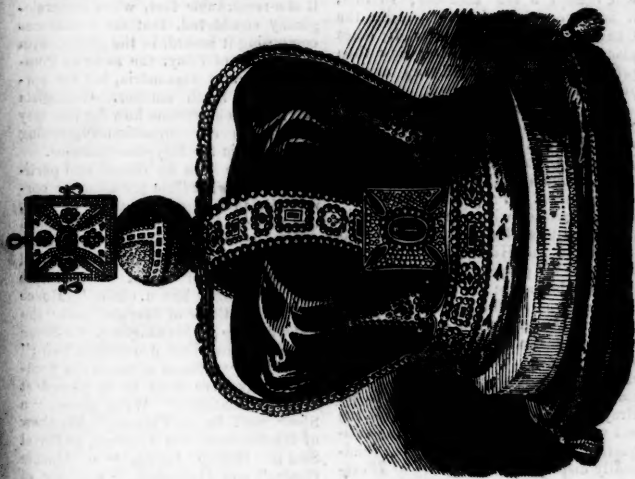
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

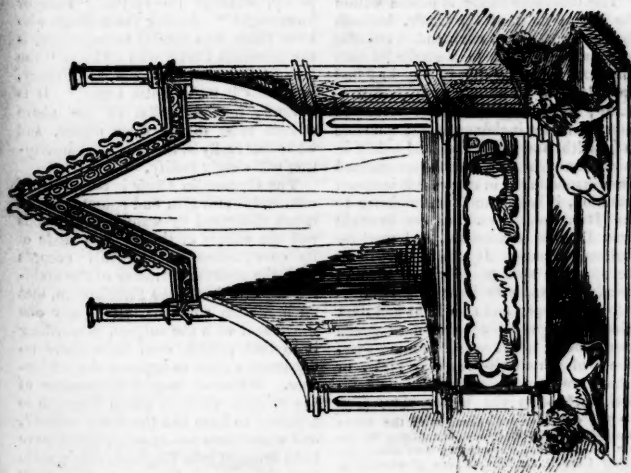
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1831.

[PRICE 2d.]



THE IMPERIAL CROWN.



THE CORONATION CHAIR.

CORONATIONS.

THE CORONATION CHAIR.—THE IMPERIAL CROWN.

THESE CUTS may be considered anticipatory illustrations of the approaching CORONATION. Their descriptive particulars, which are extremely interesting, will occupy a few columns; so that, it being our intention to describe the CEREMONY itself, whenever it takes place, we cannot do better now than proceed with the accessories or appurtenances.

In the CHAIR have been crowned all our sovereigns from the time of Edward II. Yet it is not the Chair alone (although in itself a work of much interest, when attentively examined,) but the far-famed "Prophetic," or "fatal stone," inclosed within the frame-work, that constitutes the great focus of attraction to the Historian and the Antiquary. We propose to quote the history of this stone in our succeeding Number, and for the present to confine ourselves to such parts of its description as are requisite in connexion with that of the Chair. At the same time we cheerfully acknowledge that for all these particulars we are indebted to Mr. E. W. Brayley's valuable *Londiniana*, (vol. ii.) and we need scarcely add that the antiquarian attainments of the author (eminently displayed in his *History of Westminster Abbey*, and other important works,) will justify our preference of these details:—

The venerable Stone is placed within the frame-work of the Chair, beneath the seat, and has at each end, a circular iron handle affixed to a staple let into the stone itself, so that it may be lifted up. It is of an oblong form, but irregular; measuring twenty-six inches in length, sixteen inches and three quarters in breadth, and ten inches and a half in thickness. As far as can be ascertained from inspecting it in its present inclosed situation, it bears much resemblance to the Dun-stones, such as are brought from Dundee in Scotland, and used for various purposes. It is a sandy, granular stone, a sort of débris of sienite, chiefly quartz, with light and reddish-coloured felspar and also light and dark mica, with probably some dark green hornblende, intermixed: some fragments of a reddish-grey clay slate, or schist, are likewise included in its composition.*—On the upper side, (but

* The writer was favoured with the above mineralogical description of the Stone, by the late Mr. Sowerby, who accompanied him to the Abbey Church, for the purpose of examining its composition.

hidden by the seat of the Chair) there is also a dark brownish-red coloured flinty pebble, which, from its hardness, has not been cut through, though immediately crossed by the indent above-mentioned.

Tradition intimates that this Stone was originally brought from Egypt, and it is a remarkable fact, when mineralogically considered, that the substances composing it accord, in the grains, with the sienite of Pliny, the same as Pompey's pillar at Alexandria, but the particles are much smaller. Geologists will perhaps determine how far this may agree with any formation succeeding the sienite in the Egyptian quarries.

It will be seen by the several particulars with what little precision or correctness, in a descriptive point of view, our ancient historians have mentioned this Stone. Fordun calls it "a Marble Chair, carved with ancient art by skillful workmen;" and again, "a Marble Stone, wrought like a chair." Boece styles it "a Chair of Marble," and "the Fatal Marble;" Hemmingford, "a Stone made concave like a round Chair;" Knighton, "a Stone whereon the Scottish Kings were wont to be placed at their coronations;" Walsingham, "a Stone used for a Throne;" Matthew of Westminster, "a Tribunal, or Royal Seat;" Bishop Leslie, "a Marble Chair;" and Holinshed, "a Chair of Marble" and "a Marble Stone;" Buchanan alone, though he errs in calling it "a Marble Stone," has, with due propriety, attached the epithet "rude or unwrought." Among the moderns who have fallen into similar inaccuracies, is the laborious Carte, who styles it "the famous Stone Chair," and Dr. Henry, who calls it "the Fatal Chair." It is obvious, however, that all the above writers refer to the same object, and what that really is, the preceding description will clearly testify.

The *Coronation Chair* is composed of oak, and is still firm and sound, though much disfigured by wanton mutilations and the effects of time. The mode of its construction so decidedly accords with the general character of the architecture of Edward the First's reign, that no hesitation could be felt by any one conversant with the subject, in ascribing it to that period, even were there no document extant to support the conjecture. Whatever may have become of the original chair in which Kenneth is reported to have had the Stone inclosed, and which does not appear ever to have been brought into England, it is certain that the present Chair was purposely

made for the reception of this highly-prized relique of ancient customs and sovereign power. This fact is rendered evident by the "Wardrobe Accounts" of Edward's time, which have been published under the direction of the Society of Antiquaries. Among the entries of the year 1300, are the following particulars relating to "a step" which had been recently made "*ad pedem nova Cathedralis in qua Petra Scozie reponitur.*"

"To Master Walter, the painter, for the costs and expenses incurred by him about making one step at the foot of the new Chair (in which is the Stone from Scotland), set up near the altar before St. Edward's Shrine, in the Abbatial Church at Westminster, in pursuance of the order of the King in the month of March, and for the wages of the carpenter and painter for painting the said step, and for gold and divers colours bought for the painting of the same, together with the making of one case for covering the said Chair, as appears from the particulars in the Wardrobe Book, 14. 19s. 7d."

The resemblance of this Chair to the mode of architecture prevalent in our first Edward's time, is particularly observable in the forms of the heads and turns of the panelled arches which ornament the back and sides; and it was equally so in the shields which formerly surrounded the frame-work of the seat. It is a wide elbow Chair, with a flat seat, immediately under which is the "*Prophetic Stone*;" this rests on a kind of middle frame, eleven inches from the ground, supported at the corners by four crouching lions on a bottom frame, or plinth. All around, on a level with the Stone, was originally ornamented with beautiful tracery, in quarterly divisions, each containing an heater shield (emblazoned with arms), in accordance with that fashion of the pointed arch which prevailed in the thirteenth century. There were originally ten of these divisions, and four of them, with the shields, remained till the late coronation; but they were subsequently stolen, and even the tracery itself is entirely gone in front, so that the Stone is now fully exposed to view. The back is terminated by a high pediment, along

each angle of which were five crockets on a scotia, or concave moulding. Below the latter, on each side of the pediment, is a smooth flat division, about three inches broad, that once contained decorations, presumed to be armorial bearings, emblazoned on small plates of metal of different sizes and forms, alternately small and large, the cement for the adhesion of which still remains. The whole Chair has been completely covered with gilding and ornamental work; including a Regal figure, and a variety of birds, foliage, and diapering, much of which may yet be distinguished on a close inspection. The thickness of the whiting ground, laid on to receive the leaf gold, may be seen in almost every part. At the back of the seat, within-side, are some faint traces of a male figure, sitting, in a royal robe, a small portion of the bottom of which, together with a foot and shoe (the latter somewhat sharp-pointed) are still visible, but they were much more so within memory. Below the elbow, on the left side, is distinguishable a running pattern of oak leaves and acorns, with red breasts and falcons on the oakensprays, in alternate order; a different pattern of a diapered work is shown on the right, or opposite side, as well as within the tiers of panelled arches which adorn the outer sides or back of the Chair. These rich adornments are so much discoloured by the ravages of time, or otherwise damaged by wanton mischief, that it requires an attentive eye to trace them with effect; the best way to do this is to place the head close to the seat, and then to look upwards with minute and fixed attention. Most of the above ornaments seem to have been wrought by means of minute punctures made in the whiting ground, after the flat gilding was executed! other parts appear as though they had been impressed or stamped with an instrument. Within the spandrels, connected with the upper tier of arches at the back, were formerly, according to Mr. Carter, enamelled ornaments representing foliage:† but the ornaments thus alluded to were not enamelled; they consisted of small sprigs, depicted on a metallic ground, either gilt or silvered, and covered with plain or coloured glass, as may yet be seen in three or four places. The diapering within the panels, as far as can now be traced, was composed of running patterns of vine and oak branches.

Among the other disfigurements of

* It would appear from an official warrant copied into Walpole's "*Anecdotes of the Arts*," vol. 1, that Master Walter, the painter, presumed to be the same artist who decorated the Chair, had been employed by Henry III. (Anno 1267), to paint the King's chamber in the palace at Westminster, and there can hardly be a reasonable doubt but that he was also employed on the decorative works then carrying on in the Abbey Church.

† Vide "*Ancient Architecture of England*" vol. ii. pl. vi., in which, likewise, are several representations of the Chair and its ornaments.

this Chair, many nails, large and small, with tacks and brass pins, have been driven in all over the angles, both on the inner and outer sides, most probably to fasten the cloth of gold, or tissue, with which it has been covered at the times of coronations. Sandford particularly mentions "the *Scotch* (Regal) Chair, cased with cloth of gold," and a "cover of gold tissue for St Edward's Chair," in his account of the coronation of James II.; but it is not represented as so covered in the view which he has given of that ceremony.

The lions which appear to support the Chair, are but clumsily executed, and very defective in point of form; they were doubtless first attached after the original step, mentioned in the Wardrobe Account, had been destroyed: a new face was made to one of them prior to the coronation of his late Majesty, George IV. The entire height of the Chair is six feet nine inches and a half; its breadth, at bottom, three feet two inches; width, ditto, two feet; breadth of the seat, two feet five inches; depth of ditto, one foot six inches; from the seat to the ground, two feet three inches and a half; height of elbows, from the seat, one foot two inches.

Notwithstanding the assertion of Walsingham, that Edward I. gave this Chair for the use of the officiating priests at Westminster, "*feri celebrantium Cathedralam Sacerdotum*," and which Hardyng has limited to the "*Mass Priest*," there is every reason to presume that it has been regularly used as the coronation Chair of all our sovereigns, from the time of Edward II. In Strutt's "*Hopba Angel-cýnpan*," is a representation of the latter monarch in a Chair of state, which was evidently intended for that under review.* Camden calls it "the Royal Chair or Throne;† and Selden, speaking of this venerable remain, employs the words "on it are the Coronations of our Sovereigns."‡ Ogilby, in his account of the coronation of Charles II., expressly designates it by the name of *St. Edward's* ancient Chair, which, he says (covered all over with cloth of gold), was first placed on the right side of the altar; and at a subsequent part of the ceremony, removed into "the middle of the aisle, and set right over against the altar, whither the King went and sat down in it, and then the Archbishop brought *St. Edward's* crown from the

altar and put it upon his head."§ James II. was crowned in the same Chair, as appears from Sandford, as were also William of Orange, Queen Anne, and all our succeeding Sovereigns to the present time.

During the preparations for the last coronation, the frame-work of this Chair was strengthened with iron braces, and the *Prophetic Stone* more securely fixed. At the same time the old crockets and turrets at the back were sawn off, and new ones of a different character substituted, under the direction of the *Upholsters* employed by the Board of Works! Soon after the ceremony, however, the new crockets, &c. were taken away, and the Chair left in a more dilapidated state than before, although a positive promise had been given to the present writer that the old parts should be preserved and restored.

With this Chair another is kept, which is stated to have been made for the coronation of Queen Mary, consort of William III. It is wholly unornamented, but similar in its general form to the ancient one, of which it is an unskilful attempt to imitate.

The *CROWN* may be thus described: It is about fifteen inches in elevation; the arches, which rise almost to a point, instead of the inelegant flatness of the former crown, are surmounted with an orb of brilliants, seven inches in circumference. Upon this is placed a Maltese cross of brilliants, set transparently, with three pearls at its extremities, of remarkable size and beauty. The arches are wreathed and fringed with diamonds. Four Maltese crosses, formed of brilliants also, surround the crown, with four large diamond flowers in their intervening spaces. On the centre of the back cross is the ancient ruby, which was worn at Cressy and Azincour, by the Black Prince and Henry V., while that of the front cross is adorned with an unique sapphire, of the purest and deepest azure, more than two inches long, and one inch broad. The ermine is surmounted with a band of large diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, and rubies, and immediately under these, a fillet of beautiful pearls. The lustre of this unequalled crown is heightened by a dark crimson cap of the finest velvet;

§ "Coronation of Charles II." It appears from that work, that when the King retired into St Edward's Chapel (after the ceremony) the crown and "all the rest of the regalia," together with St Edward's robes, which the King had worn, were placed upon *St. Edward's Altar*, at what subsequent period that altar was destroyed does not appear, but there is not now the least part of it remaining.

* Vol. iii. pl. 27. The engraving is from a fine MS. of the fourteenth century, preserved in the library of Benet College, Cambridge.

† "*Regis Regine*," &c.

‡ Vide Drayton's "*Poly. Oibion*," Song xvii.

and its general effect confirms the opinion of all who have seen it, that the late King was the first British sovereign who possessed a diadem worthy of this proud and potent empire.

This crown is estimated worth 150,000*l.* and the expenses upon it, in 1821, preparatory to the Coronation of George IV. amounted to about 50 or 60,000*l.* over and above the addition of the inestimable sapphire.

LINES ON SEEING A BUTTERFLY IN ONE OF THE CROWDED THOROUGHFARES OF LONDON.

(For the Mirror.)

Hov'ring o'er the city's way,
Far from haunt of bowery weald,
What can tempt thee here to stay,
Flutt'ring o'er the sunny field?

Lily, rose, and eglantine,
Hast thou left in valley rude,
For the hues which gaily shine
Midst the gaudy multitude?

This is not the vernal dell,
Where the noon-day warblers sing,
Flowers are here which have no smell;
Leaves without the life of Spring.

Wanting not the dews of morn,
Sun, nor show'r, nor nupture bland,
Flowers here the fair adorn,
Fashion'd by the artist's hand.

Drooping are thy soiled wings—
Rest nor solace canst thou find;
While thy fate a moral brings
To the city-wearied mind.

Thou wilt ne'er retrace thy way
Back unto the bowery weald;
Nor be known beyond to-day,
Flutt'ring o'er the sunny field.

* * H.

Fine Arts.

MARRIAGE GEM.

(For the Mirror.)

In the Duke of Marlborough's collection of antique gems, is a group of emblematical figures, representing the Marriage of Cupid and Psyche; a description of which, I flatter myself, will not be unacceptable. They are of exquisite beauty, highly descriptive of the Marriage Union, finely engraved upon an onyx, by Tryphon, an ancient Greek artist.

1st. Both are represented as winged, to show the alacrity with which the husband and wife should help, comfort, and support each other; preventing as much as possible the intimation of a wish or want on either side by fulfilling it before it can be expressed.

2nd. Both are veiled, to show that modesty is an inseparable attendant on pure matrimonial enjoyment.

3rd. Hymen, or Marriage, goes before them with a lighted torch, leading them by a chain, of which each has hold, to show that they are united together, and are bound to each other, and that they are led to this, by the pure flame of love, which at the same instant both enlightens and warms them.

4th. This chain is not iron, or brass, (to intimate that the Marriage union is a state of thralldom or slavery,) but is a chain of pearls, to show that the union is precious, delightful, and beautiful.

5th. They hold a dove, the emblem of conjugal fidelity, which they appear to embrace affectionately, to show that they are faithful to each other, not merely through duty, but by affection, and that this fidelity contributes to the happiness of their lives.

6th. A winged Cupid, or Love, is represented as having gone before them preparing the nuptial feast; to intimate that active affections, warm and cordial love, are to them a continual source of comfort and enjoyment, and that this is the entertainment they are to meet with at every step of their lives.

7th. Another Cupid, or genius of love, comes behind, and places on their heads a basket of ripe fruits, to intimate that a matrimonial union of this kind will generally be blest with children, who shall be as pleasing to all their senses, as ripe and delicious fruits are to the smell and taste.

8th. The genius of love that follows them, has his wings shrivelled up, or the feathers all curled, so as to render them utterly unfit for flight, to intimate that love is to abide with them, that there is to be no separation in affliction: but that they are to continue to love one another with pure and fervent affection; thus love begins and continues this sacred union, which death alone can dissolve, for God hath yoked them together.

SWAINE.

The Naturalist.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THE inhabitants of Southern London are, we are happy to learn, likely to have their Zoological Gardens, as well as the more aristocratical folks of the West: this is as it should be:—

"If Oxford has its sausage,
Why not Cambridge have its tart."

The proposal was mooted many months since by a "Zoological Society" esta-

blished at Camberwell, who have, and we think prudently, deputed Mr. Cross, (late of Exeter 'Change,) to the formation of their Garden. For this purpose, a small estate has been secured a short distance to the right of the Camberwell road, or about mid-way between that and the Kennington road. It has hitherto been known as the Manor House, and consists of a respectable mansion, with about fifteen acres of tastefully disposed ground, and a sheet of water of nearly three acres, with islands; and well-wooded walks. The appearance of the whole is extremely picturesque, although considered with respect to its new appropriation, the place is as yet but a land of promise. Three or four large cages are finished, and a score of workmen are engaged in constructing others. A circular building, 300 feet in circumference, is nearly completed for the principal carnivorous animals, as lions, tigers, &c., in which the Prospectus tells us, visitors "will be enabled to view the superb collection, with all the advantages of a delightful conservatory": the conservative will not be the least advantage. A large thatched building is finished for *reminants*, and a circular building is also in progress for birds. A few arrivals have already taken place, and all the members of Mr. Cross' Menagerie from the King's Mews are expected. Among the miscellaneous company, as the Court Circular would say, are a brown bear, kangaroo, a fine zebra, a dromedary, some Indian cattle, black swans, pelicans, eagles, a stately horned owl, and several small birds; and a seal, whose arrival has been duly reported in the daily newspapers. The preparations for their reception were only commenced a month since, and no architects could have proceeded more speedily than has Mr. Cross and his coadjutors. His plan promises well, especially as the grounds, lake, &c., are already adapted for the purpose.

By the way, how strange it is that, among all the speculations borrowed by us from the French, no individual has hitherto started a scheme for a Zoological Garden. How many thousand Englishmen have visited the *Jardin des Plantes*, at Paris, without transplanting the plan to this country! only now are we beginning our *Jardin*, and our *Père la Chaise* in the National Cemetery Company. The present popularity of Zoology best proves how much the Gardens of the Zoological Society have contributed to the spread of this delightful branch of natural science. On the pulling down of Exeter 'Change we

hoped Mr. Cross would remove his company into fresh air; but he only progressed westward. Surely he might long since have possessed his own Zoological Garden, since last year's receipt of upwards of 12,000*l.* in the Regent's Park argues well for the profitable popularity of the plan. At any rate we are glad to see the scheme taken up with so much spirit at the Surrey Garden, and seriously wish the project may be a successful one. The Admission Terms and Privileges are upon nearly the same principle as those of the Zoological Society.

THE DAISY.

(For the Mirror.)

THE daisy is a native of most parts of Europe in meadows, and flowering almost all the year. The name is derived from day and eye, alluding to the eye-like form of the flower, and its expansion in the day, and in bright weather only, when it presents its front to the sun, following his course till the evening, when the flower closes, but opens again for many successive mornings. Daisies may be called the stars of the earth, which hide their lowly beauties, when the brighter stars of heaven appear.

Mr. Montgomery has beautifully poetized this flower, on finding one in full bloom on Christmas Day, 1803—thus:

"There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

"The fonder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline,

"But this small flower to nature dear,
While moon and stars their courses run,
Wrathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

"It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

"The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

"But this bold floweret climbs the hills,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the hill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

"Within the garden's cultur'd sound,
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

"The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
That decks the dark's nest.

"The Flora's page; in every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

"On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The Rose has but a summer-reign,
The Daisy never dies."

P. T. W.

The Topographer.

TRAVELLING NOTES IN SOUTH WALES.

(Continued from page 71.)

Welsh Character—Peasantry—Wrecking, &c.—Welsh pride is almost proverbial: but we must go back centuries if we attempt to trace its origin—for since the union with England, Wales as a nation, has sunk into oblivion. There cannot be a doubt that from the earliest period of our history, the ancient Britons were distinguished for their bravery and independent spirit; and the recollection of their final desperate struggle for independence and the varied and beautiful nature of their country—invests the history of Wales with a sort of romance, which is but ill realized in the present day. Shrewd, calculating, deep, and often industrious, a Welshman is the very antithesis of romance. But with all this there is a want of enterprise generally throughout Wales; and if you inquire the origin of any conspicuous or important public work or manufactory, you almost invariably find it arose from English capital or English industry. We need hardly add that the Welsh are fiery and hot-headed, and withal very litigious. Much national feeling exists in the Principality, though scarcely so much as in Scotland, and the English are still often denominated *For-eigners*. There is certainly a striking personal dissimilarity between the two nations; which is equally observant in the Scotch. Englishmen indeed differ much in different counties; we know few things more interesting than personal observations of this description. The similarity of dress amongst the lower orders, may as we formerly observed, account in some measure for the striking national resemblance of the Cambrians.

The peasantry essentially differ from the English. In Wales the land is generally subdivided into small farms, which the tenant tills with his own hands or with the assistance of his family; and himself or his wife—jogging along on her tit betwixt two enormous panniers—never fails to attend the market town weekly or oftener, with its produce. This system is indisputably the

best for promoting the happiness and independence of the peasantry. England could once boast of a similar class of yeomen; but the destructive plan of combining perhaps eight or ten small farms into one of large extent, and thus turning the various occupants and their families adrift, or driving them to the town, has extensively swept them away. It must, however, be conceded that these measures have been of vast utility in the improvement of our agricultural system; and it is beyond a doubt that we owe its advancement principally to the superior education and capital of the agriculturist of the last forty years. The Welsh farmer is usually possessed of hardly any capital—we believe we may add of little enterprise or spirit of improvement—and in consequence he is a century behind his English neighbour. At a period when the polish of improvement is fast grinding down all the landmarks which distinguished John Bull's character, the Welsh preserve their national peculiarities and characteristics almost unimpaired; and no one can look upon the primitive carts used in some districts, many of which consist of little more than two long poles, with spars across, and neither wheels nor axle—without feeling he is in another country, and being transported back to days of old. A considerable portion of Wales consists of large unenclosed commons or waste lands; but a small portion of which has been brought under cultivation, though the land is mostly excellent. The people possess a singular right or old feudal law, with respect to these commons. Any man who can enclose a portion of land around his cottage, or otherwise, in one night, becomes owner thereof in fee; and this is done by throwing up a little bank of turf round the land proposed to be occupied. These *Squatters*, as they would call them in America, are frequently rising up on the commons of Wales; and you often see a little smiling cottage appear as if by magic, surrounded by its flock of geese, its pigs, its thriving lot of wheat or potato-land, the ground for which is prepared in the first instance by paring and burning the turf, which has existed perhaps for ages inviolate from the spade or plough. An excellent plan. After he is once located, the occupant generally keeps adding to his land bit by bit. There is something very pleasing, as well as beneficial, in this custom. Serious riots occurred in North Wales, a few years ago, in consequence of an attempt to deprive the people of these ancient rights.

The traveller must not judge of the cleanliness of the Welsh from the exterior of their abodes. The whitewashed roofs and walls are only a screen to the dirtiness of the interior; but in this they are kept in countenance by their Scotch and Irish neighbours, who have not even a clean outside to recommend them. The Welsh are we believe a long-lived people; their abstemious and often parsimonious habits may conduce to this. The food of the colliers and mining population consists almost entirely of coarse bread and skim milk cheese nearly as hard as a board. We find the following extraordinary instance of longevity amongst our memoranda. It is copied from an inscription on a long slab of freestone in Caeran Church near Cardiff.

Round the ledge :

Hear lieth the body
of William Edwds of the
Cairey who departed

this life the 24 of Feb-
ruary Anno Domini 1668. Anno
que ætatis suæ 168.

And on the body of the stone :

O happy change
And ever blest
When grief and pain
Is changed to rest.

There is a very singular "coincidence" between the above and the celebrated Henry Jenkins, who was born at Ellerton-upon-Swale in Yorkshire in 1501, and died in 1670, thus being born one year after, and outliving by two years, his contemporary William Edwards. The politeness of the peasantry in South Wales is pleasing and novel to a stranger. They almost always touch their hats when passing a well dressed person. The Welsh language is certainly apparently very uncouth, but we believe it is not difficult to acquire. The abundance of limestone in the district we have been treating of, is of incalculable importance to the farmer. Its utility—especially to those who know Cornwall, which rich as it is in mineral and geological treasures, possesses little or no limestone—is certainly very great. We would wish it to be understood that our observations on agriculture are meant to apply to Wales generally; we are aware that much good and highly cultivated land exists in some part of the principality.

Amongst the vestiges of savage character which remain in this country, none are so conspicuous as that of "wrecking." It is a practice of very high antiquity, coeval with the earliest period of British history when the Phœnicians traded to our coasts. The scenes

of aggravated violence with which it was too often formerly accompanied, now seldom, if ever, occur. As we observed in another place, in many parts, however, the people still view the plunder of a wreck as a right, and it is in vain to attempt to persuade them otherwise. The inhospitable character of some of the inhabitants of our coasts have been levelled at the mass; but the many instances of humanity and bravery among our maritime population will refute this sweeping charge. In Wales, we must say from several events which have come under our observation (some of very recent date) that the old disposition breaks out with almost unabated violence; and a wreck is deemed the most fortunate event that could occur. There have been instances it is said in former periods, in these islands, where the crew have been purposely lured to destruction, the better to secure the plunder of the vessel. But the day has long gone by for such inhuman atrocities. We recollect a Cornish story, which will give a good idea of the pitch which this custom once reached in that country. It occurred, we need not say, long ago. It is related that a Cornish parson upon information of a wreck being brought to his congregation, whilst they were at church, exhorted them to pause as they were rushing out *en masse* in the midst of the service, and having gained the door, took to his heels, saying, "Now my lads, it is but fair we should all start alike!" and reached the wreck first.

Natural History—Density of the Atmosphere.—Probably no portion of the British Isles presents a more interesting field for the lover of Nature, than Wales, but more especially that district of it which we have been treating of. To the botanist, the mineralogist and the geologist, it also offers a rich mine for investigation. One hundred and thirty or forty different descriptions of birds, from the largest class downwards, many of which are very rare and seldom if ever found in these islands—have been met with on the extensive line of coast, or in the interior of the county of Glamorgan. Besides this splendid ornithological catalogue, that of the "finny tribe" is scarcely less interesting. We have enumerated some of the rarer species of both genera in a note.*

* Amongst the list of birds, we find the Ring-tailed Eagle, Osprey, Kite, Honey Buzzard, and eight others of the Falcon tribe. Great Shrike, Butcher Bird, Wry Neck, Green and Greater Spotted Woodpeckers, Nuthatch, Wild Swan, Puffin, Penguin, Razorbill, Stormy Petrel, Cormorant, Spoonbill, Herring, and Laughing Gulls, &c., Oyster Catcher, or Sea Pie, Goat Sucker, Nightingale, &c. &c. The Cuckoo

"When the hoarse waves of Severn are screaming aloud,
And Penlline's lofty castle is involved in a cloud,
If true the old proverb, a shower of rain
Is brooding above, and will soon drench the plain."

These lines remind us of the extraordinary distinctness with which distant sounds are conveyed to the ear before rain. The intense conveyance of sound at such periods, as an intelligent writer observes, is one of the best proofs of the increased density which then prevails in the lower atmospheric stratum, by reason of the condensation of moisture therein. Persons living near running streams often remark "There is the river roaring again! we shall have rain before morning;" and the close and oppressive feeling before rain is another proof of the overcharge of moisture in the atmosphere. We have repeatedly remarked on the sea coast, the great distinctness of the distant roaring of the ocean in damp weather. While sitting alone in our apartment at the dead of night, some way from the coast, the voice of the ocean has come astonishingly vivid and distinct on the ear. We have no where observed more extraordinary instances of the distinct appearance of distant objects, in consequence of the highly increased power of refraction, when the atmosphere is charged with moisture previous to rain, than on the coast of South Wales. The coasts of Devon and Somerset, distant twenty-five miles, appear on such occasions only a few miles from you. Mr. Burchell, in his travels in Southern Africa, whilst traversing extensive plains, mentions some wonderful instances of this sort. At a great distance in the horizon, mountains came very distinctly in sight on a moist day, which had previously been totally invisible in the clearest weather.

But we must hasten for the present, to draw to a close. Wales is an interesting country. The sublime and lofty scenery of its highlands—the wild beauty of its Llyn's and waterfalls—its mountain passes—its sequestered churches and villages—its numberless strongholds and monuments of former ages—its stern and sea-beaten coast, often untrodden by also migrates here in amazing numbers. Passing over a list of all the finest fish for the table which are met with on the coast of this or the adjoining county, we find amongst others, the following rare species: Whale, Porpoise, Grampus, Lophius Picaetorius, or Sea Devil, Dog Fish, Flying Fish, Sun Fish, several species of Sharks, Electric Ray, or Torpedo, Sturgeon, Needle Fish, or Sea Serpent, Anchovy, &c. We have observed large quantities of *Sampshire* on the coast of Gower: it makes a delicious pickle.
† Penlline Castle is on the coast, near Cow-bridge.

man, and tenanted alone by the wild eagle or shrieking sea-bird—and its people still preserving through the lapse of ages, the language and many of the distinguishing features of the early inhabitants of these isles,—are all deeply interesting to the observant mind, the antiquary, or the lover of nature. We may be in North Wales anon —VIVIAN.

Notes of a Reader.

HOFER AND TYROLESE LIBERTY.

THE *Foreign Quarterly Review* has attained its 15th No. and has in its progress been one of the most attractive works in the whole range of periodical literature. We have often enriched our columns from its stores, which is perhaps the best proof we can give of our sense of their value and interest. The present No. contains papers on the Danish Drama, the Congress of Vienna, Lettish Popular Poetry, the Second Volume of Neibuhr's Roman History, a vividly drawn article on Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame*, and other papers. Our selection is, however, from a Critical Sketch of the "*Heldenbuch*, the Book of Heroes of the War of Liberation from 1803 to 1815. By C. Niemeyer." The reviewer describes the extract as the suppression of the Tyrolese struggle for independence, "condensing the early part, and translating the narrative of Hofer's fate."

It will be recollected that in the year 1809, nearly the whole population of the Tyrol rose in arms, and fairly drove the French troops out of their country. This levy *en masse* was headed by Andreas Hofer, the landlord of a village public-house. Hofer was then forty-two years of age, a frank-hearted pious man, tall in stature, with black eyes and beard, of a soft voice and disposition; whom a vehement love of his country converted from a quiet rustic into a hero.

Bonaparte sent Marshal Lefevre, Duke of Dantzic, with a strong body of troops, to crush this insurrection. The insurgents, by retreating before him, drew Lefevre into their mountain fastnesses; and there, where they had the disciplined French army at advantage, the peasant general and his half-armed volunteers attacked, and after much hard fighting, so thoroughly defeated them, that the French veterans fled, and the Tyrol was again free. In these battles a ten-year-old boy busied himself in digging up the balls that lodged in the ground, and carrying them

in his little hat to the combatants; to whom young girls brought provisions amid the hottest fire.

When the misfortunes of the campaign constrained Francis to purchase peace by the cruellest sacrifices, abandoning the Tyrol, he invited Hofer and his principal associates to Vienna, to secure them from French vengeance. These devoted patriots would not leave their beloved country in her distress, and resolved to attempt the preservation of their connexion with Austria, even without Austrian help. One of their leaders, the priest, Pater Joachim, blessed their endeavours. Again Lefevre was sent against them, and again was so roughly handled, that upon one occasion, we are told, he climbed over his own carriage to escape, and fled, disguised as a common soldier. Hofer and Pater Joachim now led their little band of 8,000 peasants to defy the French marshal and his 25,000 soldiers before Inspruck, and again were victorious. Lefevre evacuated Inspruck by night, having lost 14,000 men within a fortnight, and on the 15th of August, Bonaparte's birth-day, the Tyrolese re-entered their emancipated capital. The gratified Emperor of Austria sent Hofer a gold chain of honour, and to the Pater the ecclesiastical order of merit.

For two months the Tyrol was free; but could it hope to remain so? Before the end of October French troops poured in from all sides, under various generals. Baraguay d'Hilliers and Eugene Beauharnais, respecting or fearing these brave and desperate men, invited them to submit, offering a general amnesty, redress of grievances, and a strict administration of justice, on condition of the insurgents laying down their arms. The Arch-duke John assured Hofer that the emperor, unable to assist them, wished them to comply; and Hofer thereupon accepted the terms, entreating a few days' delay of the French advance, to allow time for the peasants to disperse to their several homes. But pending this negotiation with Eugene, the French troops advanced, stormed a strong pass, and seized a fortified post upon the Brenner mountain. Indignant at this breach of faith, Hofer again called his comrades to the field, and about the middle of November fell upon Rucka and Barbon, who, with their detachments, were endeavouring to force their way into the *Passayer thal*. The French were repulsed with the loss of 1,500 men and an eagle. But now Baraguay d'Hilliers brought up his whole force, and the contest was inevit-

ably over. Some of the leaders made their escape to Vienna. Hofer concealed himself with his wife and children, in an Alpine hut in the snowy wilderness amidst barren rocks. The Emperor Francis sent messengers to urge his escaping to Austria; but his wife and children could not have accompanied his flight, and Hofer would not save his life at the price of deserting them.

Pater Donay of Schländers, who had latterly been Hofer's unworthy confidant, now became his Judas. He discovered his retreat in the snowy wilderness, and betrayed it to the French commander. Bonaparte in return made the wretch Imperial Chaplain at the shrine of Our Lady of Loretto, and Murat loaded him with praises and presents. At midnight Baraguay d'Hilliers despatched 1,500 foot, and 100 horse, to seize a single man. At dawn, on the 20th of January, 1810, the guide knocked at the hut door. Hofer opened it, and seeing who his visitors were, said "I am Andreas Hofer, and in your hands; kill me, but spare my wife and children, who have no share in my conduct." The French then rushed upon him, loaded him with chains, and dragged him, with his wife and children, to Botzen. Wherever they passed the Bonapartists stood in rows, singing merry songs, and unable to control their joy at having another honest man in their claws. But Hofer was calm and serene, and in affecting accents asked pardon of all whom he fancied he might have offended. At Botzen he was freed from his chains, many Frenchmen taking his part, and alleging that he had treated his prisoners with admirable humanity. One man gave him a snuff-box adorned with the heads of the Duke of Brunswick, Schill, and himself. Hofer looked at his own portrait and sighed, "Yes, such I was." Here too he tasted a pang bitterer than death. His family was separated from him, and sent back into the country. He himself was hurried to Mantua.

At Mantua, Hofer was tried by a court martial, and sentenced to death, with a haste designed to prevent the interposition of the Emperor Francis, whose daughter Napoleon was then wooing. On his way to the place of execution he gave a last cheer to his beloved sovereign, and distributed some trifles as keepsakes.

He then stepped into the circle of his executioners. They offered him a handkerchief to tie over his eyes, and bade him kneel down. With a noble soldierly pride he refused to do either,

saying, "I stand before my Creator, and standing I will return my immortal spirit into his hand." He then presented the corporal with his last gold coin, begged him to see that his men took good aim, and again exclaimed, "Alas! my unhappy country!" He then boldly gave the word, "Fire." But the miserable French marksmen did not fire true. The first six shots only brought the martyr upon his knees. The next six stretched him upon the ground, but did not end his sufferings. The corporal then stepped up to him, put the muzzle of his piece close to his head, and shattered it at the thirteenth shot. Thus was Hofer massored by the French, as Palm had been before him.

The Emperor Francis, who could not save Hofer, took charge of those he left behind him, made considerable presents to the widow and daughters, and educated the only son. In 1813, before Austria had joined the alliance, John Hofer, then barely fourteen years old, entered into the corps of Lutzen volunteer sharpshooters, and fought gallantly against the destroyer of his father and his country.

A GUIDE TO THE ORCHARD AND KITCHEN GARDEN.

THIS is a valuable digest of useful knowledge for Gardeners. It is the result of forty years' labour, and enters into the rationale of Gardening, while most books on the subject "give plenty of rules of action, but very few reasons." We saw its merits a few days since despatched by a critic in four lines; but the importance of the work entitling it to a more attentive notice, we reserve it for our next number.

STILTON CHEESE

Acquired the title of Stilton from a place of that name in Huntingdonshire, where it was first publicly sold by retail; Mr. Marshal in his agricultural work, on the "Midland Counties," asserting that Mrs. Paulet, of Wymondham, near Melton Mowbray, was the first person who manufactured this sort of cheese; but other dairy women lay claim to priority. It is however certain, that Mrs. P. being a relation, or intimate acquaintance, of the well-known Cooper Thorahill, who formerly kept the Bell Inn at Stilton, first supplied that house with a peculiar and novel sort of cheese, which having obtained much celebrity, was frequently retained by the landlord

at half a crown per lb. This cheese is sometimes called the English Parmesan, and is usually formed in square vats. The cheeses seldom weigh more than twelve pounds each, and they are sometimes moulded in nets, though this mode is not deemed so eligible as that of the vat. Considerable quantities of it are made on the farms about Melton Mowbray. The process of making this cheese was for some time kept a secret, though it is now pretty well known; but as it may be manufactured equally well in other dairies as in those of Leicestershire, the following receipt may not be unacceptable to those who wish to make the experiment.

"To the morning's new milk, add the skimmed cream of the preceding evening's milking, with a proper quantity of rennet. When the curd is come it is not to be broken in the usual way of making other cheese, but it should be taken out carefully, and placed in a sieve to drain gradually. As the whey drains off, the curd is to be gently pressed till it becomes firm and dry, and turned frequently.—After taken from the vats, it is still kept in the cloth till quite dry and firm, and afterwards repeatedly brushed. If the dairy-maid should not succeed in the first attempt, she ought not to be disheartened, for in a second or third trial she may be equally successful with an experienced maker." Great care is required in order to keep the cheese sweet and good till fit for use; the precise time of keeping is not defined, as some farmers conceive they are quite ripe in 12 months, while others contend that they ought not to be used under 18.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

MR. ELLISTON.

THERE is infinitely more of "the hero" in the following anecdote than in any of the quaintnesses which have lately appeared:

Amidst a great deal of apparent frivolity, Elliston had a deep knowledge of human nature. A strange instance of this was related to me by a party concerned, and shows the singular tact of which he was master, to beguile a man into the most extravagant adventure, by exciting his feelings of curiosity and self-interest. A gentleman who has been long celebrated as a dramatic author, and who was also an intimate friend of Elliston, had at one time a

situation of some responsibility at the Coburg Theatre. Repairing to his duties rather late one evening, he was walking quickly along the road, when a coach drove rapidly after him, and he heard a voice calling him to stop. On turning round he saw his friend Elliston with his head out of the coach window, and with great earnestness beckoning him to come—"Ah! my dear fellow," said Elliston, "you are the man I most desired to see; I was driving to the Coburg in quest of you—just step in here, and as we drive along I have something to communicate." "Then let it be brief," said the author, getting into the coach; "as they are waiting for me at the theatre." "It is better that they should wait for a time," said the other, "than that you should lose the advantage of what I am about to say." "What is it?" inquired the first; "tell me in a few minutes." "A few minutes is not sufficient; what I have to say requires time and thought, and——" "My good Sir," said the author, anxiously, "remember how I am situated. Tell me where I can meet you in an hour." "I can only say," returned the other, "that I am going by the mail into the country; it is now nearly eight o'clock, and I have a secret proposal to make to you of the utmost consequence to both.—Now will you throw away the pearl at your foot or return?" The situation was embarrassing. Already the coach, having driven rapidly, had considerably widened the space from his duty. The proposal might be of importance. Perhaps some country management. "Proceed," said the author; "I must make what excuse I can on my return." Elliston immediately began some rambling desultory harangue, which, before any thing could be made out of it, was cut short by the coach stopping in Lombard-street close to a north country mail just then in the act of starting. "Just in time, Sir," said the guard, "couldn't wait the ghost of a minute."—"Good God!" said the author, "you will not be able to tell me after all."—"Yes, yes, I shall," said Elliston, getting into the mail; "jump in; we can put you down at the Angel, and you can take a coach—I'll pay for it——" "But the Coburg."—"I tell you, I'll make a man of you—curse the Coburg!"—"Now, Sir," said the guard. The visions of management danced before the author's eyes. "Curse the Coburg!" he echoed mechanically, and jumped in beside the manager. Every body knows in what an incredibly short space of time the mail travels

from Lombard-street to the Angel at Islington. Before the author had well recovered his surprise, he found himself already there, and heard Elliston calling loudly for brandy and water. It was confoundedly hot, and before they could drink it, the mail was ready to travel.—"Well," said the author, "you have brought me into a pretty mess, and told me nothing after all—what on earth shall I do?"—"Nonsense," said the other; "I was just coming to the point when we arrived! but there is a coach-stand a little higher up, and by the time we arrive there you shall know all." In an unlucky hour did the poor author again commit himself to the road. "My dear friend," said Elliston, "give me but a minute or two to reflect; and throwing himself into a corner of the mail seemed to be wrapt in thought. There was no other passenger in the mail, and night was closing in unusually dark—what could this important proposal be? anxiously thought the author. He knew Elliston to be a great speculator—perhaps he had taken the Dublin Theatre, and had chosen him to superintend its management,—or the Liverpool, perhaps—travelling in a north country mail favoured the supposition; yet why all this deep reflection—Elliston gave a loud snore! "Good God!" cried the astounded author, "have I been fooled all this time?"—"Excuse me, my dear fellow," said Elliston, half awaking by the violence of his own exertion; "but the fact is—brandy and water—night—without sleep;" and relapsing into somnolency, he snored again. In despair, the author thrust his head out of the window to look for the coach-stand, but found himself rattling along the north road, and just then going through Highgate archway;—with a groan the unhappy man of letters threw himself back on the seat. "Make a man of you," muttered Elliston; "fortune favours—the brave.—Curse the Coburg."—snore. A drowsy sympathy came over the author; the brandy and water had its effect, and when he awoke it was to a supper at the Bull at Redburn, it being then about half-past eleven at night, and consequently too late to think of taking a coach for the Coburg. Not to render my story too long, their destination proved to be the Three Kings, or three somethings at Leicester; and now the important secret was to be divulged. The author was shown into a bed-room to adjust his toilet; having nothing, however, but the clothes he stood in, but little time was required for that. On descending

he found Elliston seated at a well-filled breakfast table, prepared to explain all to his satisfaction. "Honesty, my dear friend," said the manager, "is a valuable quality to its possessor; but still more valuable to his friends." The author nodded assent. "Such a man I have been long seeking, and, I think, I have found one in yourself." The author bowed—the vision of Dublin theatre again presented itself. "Any thing, my dear friend," said he, complacently, "that honesty, or my little ability can compass, you may command me in——" "You delight me," exclaimed Elliston, half the difficulty is removed by the admission——" "You wish to place me in a situation of trust I presume?" said the author anxiously. "Precisely so," returned the other. "It is the Dublin," thought the author.—"But," continued Elliston, "I was half afraid you would consider it too trifling a game to have played so large a stake for." "It must be the Liverpool, after all," thought the author. "I can sacrifice a good deal for friendship," said he.—"My kind, generous friend," exclaimed Elliston, "you bind me to you for ever,—know then,—that to-morrow night is my benefit at this theatre, and as I know they will cheat me, I have brought you here to *take my money at the door!*" I will pass over the scene of astonishment and disappointment on the one side, and of excuse and promise on the other,—suffice it to say, the author agreed to the proposal, determining, in his own mind, however, to turn the tables on the cajoler. In the mean time Elliston took him round to different shops, with all of whom the manager appeared to have an account, and fitted him out, with some things he actually wanted. The author found that his friend the manager had pursued his usual plan, and obtained a place in the recollection of many worthy men with whom he had dealings, by obtaining a place in the easiest filled side of their books.—Even the very fiddlers were looking to the result of the benefit with anxiety.

The eventful evening arrived. A comedy, then popular, was announced. Elliston had been at the theatre during the day to superintend the arrangements which were then completed. About an hour before the performance, when the man of letters was about to descend from his pegasus, to occupy the humble post of money-taker, Elliston burst into the room, anxiety portrayed in his countenance. "My dear friend," said he, "you have done much to serve me;

I have one thing more to ask you; it will then crown the obligation."—"What is it?"—"You know we play——'s piece to-night; the man who plays Scamp is no where to be found—not a soul will undertake it. Now, my dear friend, if you have any regard for me—will you?"—"Good Heavens; Mr. Elliston, are you mad? I never ~~was~~ on the stage, nor could I ever recite a syllable in my life."—"No matter," said the manager, "look over the part and trust to me."—"Impossible!" ejaculated the author.—"Then I'm a ruined man!" rejoined the manager, clasping his hands together.—"As I have gone so far," returned the good-natured dramatist, seeing his distress.—"Only try," said the other, energetically.—"There's nothing in it, believe me. Trust to me and the prompter. Here, waiter, bring brandy and water." The author was not proof against such an attack. As the brandy and water diminished, his courage increased, and it was agreed, as it was expected the house would be full before the curtain drew up, that the author, after securing the money, should make his first appearance as Scamp.

Shortly after opening the doors the house was crammed; and at his proper place in the drama our new aspirant to theatrical fame, having been puffed off as a gentleman from London, made his appearance amidst an enthusiastic welcome. It must be observed that both master and servant had imbibed a sufficient quantity of brandy and water to make them quite independent of audience, or, in fact, of any thing else but the object for which they came. The following extraordinary dialogue ensued—"Well, Scamp," said his master (Elliston), "so, after all the years we have been together, you will leave me at last—(aside)—I say, you rogue, how much money have you got?"

Scamp.—"Yes, Sir, I can submit to your temper no longer—I have got sixty good pounds in my pocket."

Master.—"Sixty pounds you say; hand them to me good Scamp."

Scamp.—"Harkye, Sir John. For many years have you promised me my wages, but the devil a penny could I get. Have you not likewise trepanned me from a comfortable place to starve in your service? I have now got the money, and I intend to keep it, Sir John"—suing the action to the word by slapping his pocket, where the noise of the coin was distinctly audible. Some of the audience, who knew the play, were in amaze, others thought it capital

acting. An appalling fact, however, glanced on the manager's mind. He knew there was a considerable balance due to the author, but this method of payment he was unprepared for.

Master.—"What, would you ruin your generous master, after all he has done for you?" (showing considerable agitation.)

Scamp.—"My generous master has ruined me, and the least he can do is to pay me what he owes me. Farewell, Sir—I have a conveyance near to take me back to town."

Master.—"Nay, then, if that's the game, here's after you;"—and before the author could make his exit he felt the manager's hand on his collar with such an impetus, that, aided by the potation, down they both tumbled, and literally rolled together on the stage. The pockets of the author, charged as they were with gold and silver, and all unused to such a freight, gave way under the shock, and the glittering coin scattered itself liberally about the stage. The fiddlers' eyes glistened at the sight, and, unable to resist the temptation of paying their own arrears, they scooped the stray half-crowns into the orchestra with their bows, while some jumped on the stage, and began to collect the spoil. In the pit there happened to be a number of worthy tradesmen and others, having bills unpaid, who, seeing how matters went, and dreading the result, hastily followed the example of the fiddlers, and in another instant the stage became a bear-garden, each intent on himself, swearing, and fighting, and scrambling, like so many Elton-boys, or devils. The independent part of the house were shrieking with laughter—the original combatants, lying on the stage, panting with their exertion, were hustled about and trampled by the creditors—while, to crown the scene, amidst the babel-like confusion, some wags extinguished the lights, and—let fall the curtain!—*Monthly Magazine*.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

FIGHTING ELEPHANTS.

(From the *Menageries*, vol. ii. or Part 22 of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*.)

WE quote a picturesque passage with pleasure from this successful work,

illustrating the ancient mode of employing the Elephant in war. The extract relates to a battle between the emperor Baber and Timour or Tamerlane:—

The army of Timour still shrunk from an encounter with the strange terror of the elephants. When he placed his troops in the plain before Delhi, it was necessary to allay their fears by extraordinary precautions. He surrounded the camp with an enormous ditch and a rampart of bucklers; and buffaloes were tied together, round the rampart, by the neck and feet, with brambles upon their heads, to be set on fire when the elephants approached. The sultan Mahmood sallied forth from his castle to give the invader battle (A.D. 1399). His force consisted of ten thousand horse, forty thousand foot, and elephants armed with cuirasses, and poisoned daggers upon their tusks. In the wooden towers upon their backs, in the form of bastions, were cross-bowmen and archers, who could fight under cover. On the side of the elephants were flingers of fire and melted pitch, and rockets shod with iron. Such is the description of Sherefeddin, who composed, in Persian, the history of Timour, from his original journals. The dread of this array in the army of the invader was extreme. The soldiers, says the historian, feared the elephants might fling them into the air; the learned doctors wished to be placed near where the ladies were. Neither bravery nor knowledge could give confidence in that hour of alarm. Upon the elephants' backs were carried kettle-drums of brass; and these, united to the din of cymbals and bells and trumpets, dismayed even the most dauntless. Timour fell upon the earth in prayer: he that a month before had murdered a hundred thousand captives in cold blood, besought God to give him the victory. The conqueror prayed in the same spirit of fanaticism with which, five years after, he made a declaration to his emirs in these remarkable words: "As my vast conquests have caused the destruction of a great number of God's creatures, I have resolved to atone for the crimes of my past life, by exterminating the infidels of China!" In the battle of Delhi the fortune of the Mongol did not forsake him. The elephants of the Sultan threw his own left wing into disorder; the right was repulsed; and Timour himself led his troops against the centre. The elephants fled before the sabres of his horsemen. The expert swordsmen aimed at the trunks of the terrified animals, and many of them

were strewed over the field with the slain. The alarm which the supposed invincibility of the elephants had produced was dissipated for ever. Timour's grandson, only fifteen years of age, wounded an elephant; the men upon his back were overthrown; and the boy drove the animal before him into his grandfather's camp. The next day the invader sat on the throne of the Indian monarch, and received the homages of his new subjects. Twelve rhinoceroses and a hundred and twenty elephants were paraded before him; and the well-trained flatterers of despotism, certainly not possessing the discrimination which Cassiodorus assigns to the species, that they honour good princes, tyrants never, placed themselves in a humble posture, and made a cry as if demanding quarter. They were more fortunate in their intreaties for mercy than the wretched inhabitants of the city. The elephants were transmitted as presents to the Persian provinces: the people were plundered by the soldiery and massacred at their pleasure; while the Emirs thought it a pious duty to "send to the abyss of hell the souls of these infidels."*

Although Timour had resisted the terror of the elephants, he was not unwilling to avail himself of this instrument of war, to spread alarm amongst those to whom it was a new danger, as a few months before it had been to him. In his letter to Bajazet, written after his conquest of India, he says, metaphorically, "Thou art no more than a pismire, why wilt thou seek to provoke the elephants? Alas! they will trample thee under their feet."† In less than two years the conqueror of Hindostan was in Syria. In the battle before Aleppo, the main body of his army was covered with a rank of elephants, to serve as a rampart. Their towers were filled with archers and flingers of Greek fire. The triumph of the elephants in this fight was a signal contrast to their defeat at Delhi. They coiled up their trunks like serpents, to avoid the sabres of the Mamelukes; they rushed upon the main body of the Syrians, trampling them under their feet, and throwing their bodies on high with their trunks.‡ In the battle of Angora, which decided the fate of Bajazet, "the conqueror of Hindostan ostentatiously showed a line of elephants, the trophies, rather than the instruments of victory."§

A few judicious observations sum up the volume, and explain the importance of its being exclusively devoted to the

economy and history of this stupendous quadruped:—

We have thus traced the history of the Elephant, as he is seen in our modern menageries,—as he is found in India and Africa in a state of nature,—as he is subjected by art to the dominion of man in the one country, or hunted to the death in the other,—as he is trained in the East for domestic use, for exhibitions of cruelty, or for purposes of pageantry,—or as he is still used in the wars of modern Asia. We have exhibited him, too, as he was formerly found in the tremendous conflicts of the Mongol conquerors,—as he was employed in warfare by Alexander and his successors, by the kings of Egypt and Syria, and by the Romans and Carthaginians. We have shown him, also, administering to the brutal sports of ancient luxury, or supplying the material for the most splendid exercise of ancient art. Lastly, we have traced him through ages in which man had no control over his actions, and in which he probably was at the head of the existing animal world, as much by his physical power as by his sagacity. It is not the least singular part of this history, spreading over so large a period of human action, and connected with a time antecedent to man's existence, or at least his existence surrounded with the power of society, that the quadruped which appears thus to have been the first altogether in might, of the fossil races, and which still preserves this supremacy in a state of nature, should of all animals be most exposed to the destructive strength of social man. As civilization advances we find the physical force of the elephant less and less in request. In war, he has been superseded by cannon; in commerce, by steam engines. As long as ivory is desired in the arts, he will be encouraged to a certain extent in the uncultivated parts of Asia and Africa. But it is probable that, in a long future career of civilization during which man may subject the whole world to the dominion of reason, the cost of maintaining the elephant in woods and pastures may be balanced against his comparatively small benefit to society;—and then (and it is not difficult to imagine such a period of complete civilization) the race will altogether perish, and the elephant will be known to distant generations only as the mastodon and the megatherium are recognised—by a few skeletons, put together by science, out of bones scattered up and down the earth.

The prints in this Part consist chiefly

* Shereffeddin.

† Shereffeddin.

‡ Gibbon, chap. lxx.

§ Gibbon, chap. lxx.

of medals, triumphs, and other historical illustrations, which have been selected with due regard to authenticity and popular gratification.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.

SHAKESPEARE.

CORONATION WITHOUT A CROWN.

HENRY III., son of King John, was crowned at Gloucester, 28th October, 1216. Historians tell us (Paris and Rymer) that a *plain circle* was used on this occasion in lieu of the Crown, which had been lost with the other jewels and baggage of King John, in passing the Marshes of Lynn, or the Wash near Wisbech. P. T. W.

NAIVETE.

NOTRE Curé crie, et s'emporte :
Il me défend d'aimer Lubin,
Mais, il me dit d'aimer mon prochain,
Et Lubin demeure à ma porte !

Imitated.

Our Curate fir'd with holy zeal,
Condemns my loving Lubin dear,
Yet, says I, *neighb'rly* love should feel,
And Lubin *lives so very near*.

T. R. P.

MRS. SIDDONS.

IN Theophilus Jones's *History of Brecknock*, he says, "In this street, (the High-street, Brecknock,) at a public-house, the Shoulder of Mutton, was born Mrs. Siddons. I know not whether I may or may not, without offence, state her age; but presuming that there is no impropriety in my insertion of the copy of the register of her baptism, I take the liberty of stating that it was on the 14th of July, 1756, though her father is therein erroneously called George Kemble, a comedian, instead of Roger Kemble. I am informed that Hereford has been considered as the place of her birth, but the fact is beyond controversy otherwise, as might have been proved a very few years ago, by a woman now dead, who was present at Mrs. S.'s birth, and perhaps even now it may not be difficult to establish the circumstance if necessary." P. T. W.

THE JEWS.

PERHAPS the following concise reflection of that brilliant writer, Maréchal Prince de Ligne, in his admirable *Memoire sur les Juifs*, may not be unacceptable:—
"Je conçois très bien l'origine de

l'horreur qu'inspirent les Juifs; mais il est bien tems que cela finisse. Une colère de dix-huit cents ans me paroit avoir duré assez long tems."

ROYAL PHYSICIANS.

CHAMBERLAYNE, in his *Anglicæ Notitiæ*, says, "For the precious regard of the person of the king, by an ancient record it is declared that no physic ought to be administered to him without good warrant, this warrant to be signed by the advice of his council; no other physicians but what are mentioned in the warrant are to administer to him; the physicians to prepare all things with their own hands, and not by the hands of any apothecary; and to use the assistance only of such surgeons as are prescribed in the warrant."

W. G. C.

CORONATION OATH TAKEN BY ETHELRED II. AT KINGSTON, 978.

"In the name of the Most Holy Trinity, I promise; First, that the Church of God, and all Christian people, shall enjoy true peace under my government; secondly, that I will prohibit all manner of rapine and injustice to men of every condition; thirdly, that in all judgments, I will cause equity to be united with mercy, that the most clement God may, through his eternal mercy, forgive us all. Amen."

P. T. W.

SINGULAR ADVANCEMENT IN LIFE.

THE Roman Emperor, C. Julius Æmilianus, was a Moorish slave.

Aurelian, the Emperor of Rome, was the son of a poor peasant.

Pope Alexander the Fifth was a common beggar in the Isle of Candia.

Pope Adrian the Fourth was a poor English monk.

TRADE AGAINST LAND.

WHEN the late Mr. Whitbread's father first opposed the Duke of Bedford's interest at Bedford, the duke informed him, that he would spend £50,000. rather than he should *come in*. Whitbread, with true English spirit, replied, that was nothing; the sale of his grains would pay for that.

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